

(most of the time). Thank you Miss Jernstrom! The typewriter has been my most important tool over a whole lifetime and even now as I enjoy a word-processor, my trusty *Smith Corona* portable electric is used almost daily. The ability to type in the ninth grade allowed me to better accomplish all future efforts in all future endeavors. Miss Lou Smith was an early history teacher who also competently taught some of the English classes. She had an even greater impact on our lives when she worked at Lupton's Ice Cream Parlor, managed to put up with our outrageous behavior and made Lupton's an even greater after-school hang-out although it was always very successful. As it happened later in life, Miss Smith was in charge of the housing office in Vancouver where she assigned one of the small wartime houses to myself and new bride.

At about our junior year in high school, the local newspaper *The Camas Post-Record* announced the high school had obtained the services of an outstanding English teacher; further she was to be placed in charge of the English Department as the school administrators sought to employ a two pronged curriculum--college preparatory and general studies. This great lady's name was Bernice Cofer. As school opened, we all reported to designated class "home rooms" depending upon whether one had selected the college preparatory or general studies route. The enrollment information specified that Miss Cofer would be my "home room" teacher and I reported to her classroom at the appointed opening time. She was an imposing figure--obviously not a teacher that one would knowingly want to challenge. She entered the classroom on the stroke of nine o'clock, strode purposely and confidently to the front of room and remained standing behind her desk, all the while surveying the entire roomful of students. Suddenly she announced, "you must be Reynolds and you must be Collins", correctly picking us out very precisely. "One of you has to leave--I do not intend to put up with both of you at the same time. I'm told that individually you are both controllable, but when the two of you are together, you become a distraction to teaching ....Collins, go find yourself another home room." With that introduction, I met the teacher who provided the greatest impact on my elementary education. She force fed Edgar Allen Poe, Stephen Vincent Benet, the Brownings (I think), speech, grammar, English and more English, essays, term papers and whatever else high school English teachers choose to burden the young student with. Somehow her ability was able to overcome the natural student-imposed reluctance to the study of English. "*How many ways do I love thee?*" and "*My Beautiful Annabelle Lee*"--to remember just a couple of things read at the time; the speeches of President Roosevelt in the 1940 election; the magnificent words of Winston Churchill and probably a new understanding of the intent of wording in *The Gettysburg Address*; these words and many more come to mind. Even if they were not studied as one studies Shakespeare or is compelled to dissect *The Ancient Mariner*, Miss Cofer and Miss Wilson before her in our junior high school unlocked the brain and allowed